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The Student's Pen



JOHN
EWING

SPRINGTIME

APRIL 1938

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXIII

APRIL, 1938

No. 5

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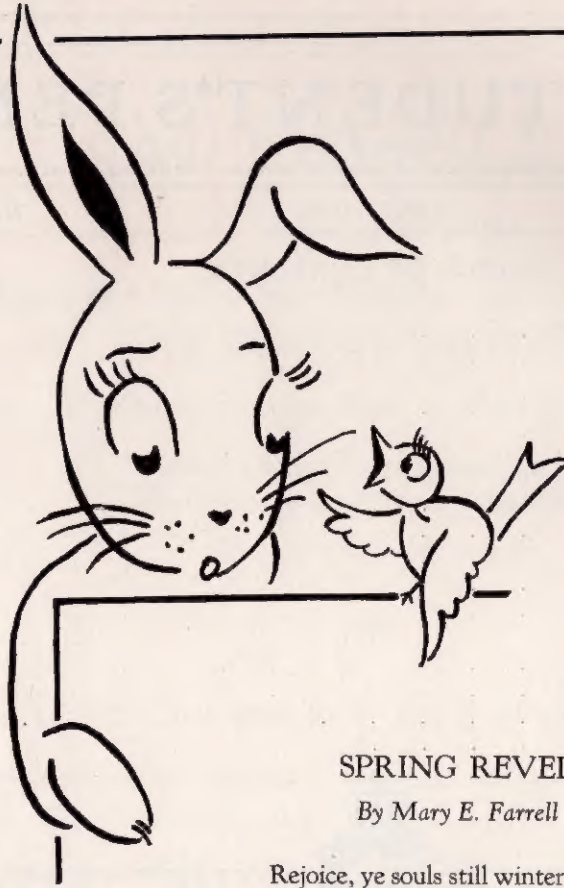
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SPRING REVEL

By Mary E. Farrell

Rejoice, ye souls still winter bound!
I hear an elfin trumpet sound,

And Lady Spring rides in to town
In leaf-green cap and daffodil gown.

Soft pussy-willow buds in flanks
Parade near swamps and river banks;

The robins pipe a fluted note
Gay crocus dons a yellow coat;

In the woods and mossy places
Violets lift their gentle faces.

All Nature calls, "Rejoice and sing
To welcome back our Lady Spring."

On the Editor's Desk



STUDY HALL SLUMP

By Dorothy Shelton

"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," or so Alfred, Lord Tennyson once said; and the world has been repeating it ever since. But whether this statement is true or not, spring is certainly one season of the year in which the fancy of all students turns to thoughts of anything but school work. And so our teachers have again the annual problem of the "study hall slump." It would seem that we are rushing the season just a bit. True, we have been having a few balmy, spring days; but just imagine in what state our minds would be by June if we start that yearly epidemic of "spring fever" now.

It is not so noticeable in the classroom, as here, at least, the student must pay attention if only out of common courtesy; and sometimes the subject is actually interesting (even in the spring) and the student really wants to pay attention. But in study hall, it is quite different. Even in the fall and winter, many students consider a period spent in one of these halls their "relax class" or "the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." But when the whole study hall begins to get restless, and all the students begin to make nuisances of themselves, then we know that spring is here.

In self-defense the teachers give more homework so that we may have something to keep

us occupied; but we do not do our work in study hall, so home it goes with us. Then complaints start pouring in about the "poor over-worked students of P. H. S." Our parents and teachers are not to be blamed—the fault is ours entirely. If we would just use our heads for more than paper weights, and realize that knowledge cannot be acquired by contact between book and head, we could make life easier for ourselves. But no, we stayed up so late the night before doing homework, presumably, that we must sleep in study hall. In our waking moments, instead of paying attention to business, we are afraid of missing something, and therefore must keep looking and walking around the room a good part of the period. How convenient it would be if we could use one eye for studying and the other for carrying on our observations!

If we would only put ourselves in the place of our teachers, and realize that they have to stand us for about three more months, and that they are just as anxious to get out-of-doors as we are, we might be a little more cooperative, and say again with Tennyson, "Ours not to question why, ours is but to do or die."

From now on let's go to study hall prepared to work!

STUDENT OPINION

MARKING ON A MEDIAN—PRO

In my opinion the most practical and common-sense method of marking is to use the median. This method bases its arguments upon the fact that the one-hundred percent student, upon which the old system is founded, is as easy to find, as Nick Depopolos would say, "as a noodle in a smokestack." Nor will this condition ever change. The only difference is that now the marks of a student are determined by the marks of those highest in his class, which seldom reach perfection even on any one lesson. Thus on the one hand we find the determination of percentage according to a practically unrealizable goal; while on the other hand, we find the actual achievement of the temporarily first in the class is recognized as "perfect", from which all other percentages stem.

Teachers and students can not be too ardent in their support of this fine, liberal system, which builds its structure upon actual facts, as opposed to "castles-in-the-air", conservative, unyielding, and unsound Utopian standards of marking.

George Walsh

THE MEXICAN OIL QUESTION

The Mexican government recently decided to force foreign oil companies to yield to the demands of Labor. This meant the companies must either pay their employees at least six pesos (\$1.70) a day or the government would seize their holdings. When the companies refused to comply, on the ground that they could not afford it, the threat was made good.

In my opinion the companies have offered ample proof of their claim by the very fact that they allowed their property to be seized. It may be that this was just the government's way of calling their supposed bluff. At any rate, I think the government will soon find that the companies were right and return the business to them. If, however, they should succeed in running the oil fields successfully at that wage, it means the companies were taking excess profits and, therefore, deserve to lose their business.

George Scott

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF BUSINESS

It is my opinion that control of business by the government is not desirable in a democratic country. Our forefathers fought for the liberty we now enjoy. Private enterprise would be stifled if the government ruled business. Would this not threaten our liberty?

Private enterprise has given America the highest standard of living in the world. In the dictatorships, the all-powerful State rules business with an iron hand, and what has the worker gained except long hours and low wages? It is also interesting to note the economic results of the experiment in government control of business which recently was launched by the republic to the south of us. Already many have been thrown out of work and the wages of others reduced.

Furthermore, our government has proved to be less efficient financially than American business. The government post office department is an outstanding example of federal inefficiency.

From these facts, does it not seem that government, rather than business, needs a little reforming?

B. Hainsworth

MORE PLANES NEEDED

Though I heartily approve of the present projected expansion of our national defenses, I believe that the most important branch of our armed forces, the air force, is being sadly, stupidly, and unjustly neglected. Hundreds of millions are being appropriated for a naval program, but only a few million for aircraft. For the price of a battleship costing \$70,000,000, over a thousand military planes could be built. A thousand planes are worth many times more to us than one battleship, which could be sunk by planes costing only a fraction of the cost of such a ship.

We must build adequate defenses in order to protect our democracy, but as the airplane will unquestionably have domination in the next war, we must give great attention and appropriations to our air forces. Wm. Moulton

'TIS A SMALL WUR-RLD

By Marjorie Monroe

"SHURE, an' 'tis a foine marnin' with all the trees aburstin' into bloom." Mrs. O'Neil cheerily greeted her next-door neighbor as she vigorously shook a rug against the railing of her front porch. "An me Pat is comin' home today."

With a happy smile Mrs. O'Neil disappeared into the kitchen and started to mix Pat's favorite kind of cake. She had waited a whole year for this day, she reflected; as she sifted the flour into the batter. Pat had gone to the city a year ago today, and now that he was a successful auto salesman, he was coming home to spend a week with his mother. When the cake was done, and she surveyed the pink-and-white delicacy with joyous eyes, she thought how happy her Pat would be when he saw it.

All during that long day she worked busily, humming to herself as she worked, so that everything might be in order when Pat reached home. She had invited company to supper, and now as her mind dwelt upon this fact, she wondered if perhaps it wouldn't have been better to have waited. "But no," she thought, "Pat will like annythin' I do."

At last the long-awaited hour rolled 'round and Mrs. O'Neil sat on the edge of her sofa with her eyes glued on the sidewalk in front of the house. When she caught sight of her Pat, so tall and straight as he strode up the walk, her heart swelled as though it would burst. In an instant she was at the door, and found herself enveloped in a bear-like hug.

"Oh, Pat, Pat," she breathed, "if you only knew how long I've waited—" But even then she sensed a difference in this handsome young man who was her son. He seemed quieter, somehow, and sadder than the boy who had left her a year ago. Yes, she thought, and was stunned by the realization, in one short year her boy had become a man.

After Pat had washed his hands at the kitchen sink—just the way he used to—he sat opposite his mother in the little living-room.

"Pat, me darlin'," said Mrs. O'Neil in a quiet voice, "I've invited a young girrl here for dinner tonight, an' I've been thinkin' maybe she'd be a good wife for ye. She's only home once in a while, for she works in the city, but she's new in these parts an' I've taken quite a fancy to her."

When he heard these words Pat's face grew grave, and he hesitated quite a while before he spoke. Then the words came gently—"I'm sorry, Mother, but I'm already in love."

Mrs. O'Neil's world came tumbling about her feet. Gone—all the dreams she had cherished so long, of the wedding she had wanted for her beloved son and the girl she loved almost as much. Pat—the son for whom she had lived all these years—was in love with a strange girl, and she had so wanted Molly for her daughter-in-law.

But when she spoke her words came bravely, slowly, "Son, I wish ye happiness."

It was only a matter of minutes until the bell rang, but it seemed hours to the two who waited silently in the quiet room. Mrs. O'Neil dragged herself to the door on feet of lead. She returned almost instantly with a pretty young girl at her side.

"Pat," she began, "this is—" but Pat had leapt from his seat, his face aglow, and with one bound had crossed the little room.

"Molly!" he cried, and seizing both her hands, embraced her heartily.

Mrs. O'Neil, her dreams restored, and her face beaming with happiness, tiptoed quietly out of the room.

SEA DREAMS

By Rosemary Sclater

*"I must go down to the seas again, to
the lonely sea and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship and a
star to steer her by;*

How many of us besides the Poet Laureate have yearned for those very things? Most people who love the sea feel that way. It is, I think, born in them.

To some people the ocean is only a big body of cold salt water, uninviting and repellent; to me, its beautiful blue-green depths, its white capped waves, its loud roar, yet its perfect tranquility, its salty breezes, so fragrant and fresh and clean, are what I love.

The ocean is like the temperamental artist who splashes his paint brush madly against his palette seeking the right harmony of colors; so the ocean splashes its mighty waves savagely into every possible crevice of the huge gray rocks, only to draw them silently back into the deep and dark depths from whence they came. Ceaselessly, each wave seeks some undiscovered niche in which to shower its salty spray.

What a glorious retreat from the hot, sultry city is the ocean. On sunny days it is truly beautiful. Cool, salty breezes are always stirring. The water is blue, very blue, topped by prancing, dashing, silvery waves, with a luster only nature can produce. Its silvery surface is like laughing children romping about in a swift game of tag, each wave chasing the other, but alas, never catching it.

But the time I love the sea most is on a rainy day. Often I have put on a big raincoat and large rubber boots and gone to the waterfront with my hair free to the wind, and my face eager for the splashing rain. Fashionable tourists, of course, wonder what can be wrong with me. They can't understand why that girl will stand in the pouring rain and gaze longingly at the ocean. "Just foolish-

ness," they conclude. However, the natives of the village understand, for they too may often be seen standing, just as I stood, gazing at the sea. They love it just as I do. Sometimes, however, the air is heavy with misty gray fog. Then you are sure to hear the fog-horn boom its warnings deep to ships astray and afar. Again, people unfamiliar with the seaside dread foggy days, for you see, they hate the big friendly call of the fog horn. To them it is only a mournful echo. To sailors it is the sound of safety and security—a sound they've waited for eagerly.

One rainy night, while standing on the wharf, I saw in the distance a tiny light at sea. It was the only light. I asked the stout, comfortable looking Cape Codder next to me what it was. She said: "That, miss, is one o' those ships that has got caught in this here storm and will prob'ly drop anchor here tomorrow when the sea's calm agin.—Yit," she continued, "they's most likely havin' a grand lark. Them passengers ain't aware of anythin' 'cept havin' a fancy time. Land o Goshen, young 'un, don't look so worried. They'll be here tomorrow. Come on in my house here an' have a cup o' tea. You look 'bout froze t' death." True to the word of Mrs. Nutter (my hostess of the previous night) the ship sailed safely into the harbor the next morning.

The people who live by the ocean soon grow to be like it—friendly and peaceful. The ocean becomes a part of them, and they can never leave it for any length of time without longing to be near it once more.

To me the ocean will always hold a note of divine contentment; it is the place where I'm the happiest.

*"I must go down to the seas again, for
the call of the running tide,
Is a wild call, and a clear call, that
may not be denied."*

MODERN MELODRAMA

By Loraine Dakin

OH! Those footsteps were following her. She knew now for sure—she had thought so for quite a few minutes, but now she was certain! Dear, oh, dear! What could she do? She might look around cautiously and see who it was—but, oh my, she was so frightened.

Slowly she inclined her head and then gave a faint cry of amazement and fear! It was that huge, beast-like creature who had followed Lucybelle for so long. And remember, one day Lucybelle had gone for a walk and had never returned. Oh! Oh! She started to run and for a moment thought perhaps he wasn't following her—but no, those heavy footfalls were fast approaching. Her heart was near bursting but she must go faster, faster, for those relentless sounds were close behind her now.

Here was her street, her house. In she slipped. Ah, the door shut behind her! Safe!! She dropped on a couch, mentally and physically exhausted. Panting and her heart beating wildly she listened. Was there a noise at the door? No, it must have been her imagination. Were those two gleaming eyes at the window? No, guess she must be seeing things. Well, she was so tired . . . so . . . tired.

Our heroine lies peacefully sleeping. She must be dreaming though, for see—her mouth opens as if she would scream, but no sound comes forth. Then she turns nervously over and goes on into the land of deepest sleep.

But see—the door is slowly pushed open and then closed quickly as she stirs restlessly on her bed! What or who can it be? The door creaks slightly as it is again opened cautiously. There is no sound from the heroine. Oh, why does she not awake? A dark form looms in the doorway, it takes shape—the villain! He crosses stealthily to

the bedside and stands gazing down on the sleeping beauty. But wait, she stirs!! She opens her eyes. Looking up she gasps and shrinks closer to the couch; her eyes widen with indefinable fear as they meet the blazing green eyes of the figure standing over her. For a moment he hesitates, will he relent? No! with a maniacal cry of rage he pounces on her. She struggles frantically for a moment, extreme fear lending her extraordinary power, but then her struggles grow weaker and finally stop. Picking her up, he carries her to the door. The deed is done! Will no one discover it?

Why, yes, listen. A little boy has just run to his mother crying bitterly. When asked why, he discloses this gruesome deed—

"Mama, mama, the cat just killed a little mouse!"

SPRING

By Loraine Dakin

Spring is truly here;
The clear blue sky
And sparkling waters—
The opening buds
And springing grass—
The sweet song
Of birds returning—
All exclaim
That Spring is here.

Yes, Spring has come;
The stirring breeze
And dewy mornings—
The dusky eves
And cool dark nights—
The faint tang
Of new ploughed acres—
All announce
That Spring is here.

NOTHING ATTEMPTED—NOTHING DONE

By Edith Moore

"—But, Julie! You're making a show of yourself," Tommy pleaded.

"I don't care—I don't care!" Julie cried impulsively. "And I don't want to hear another word about it."

"Look, Julie," Tommy argued desperately, "he can go out with any girl in this school—why should he choose you?"

Julie's green eyes blazed. Tommy knew that he had said the wrong thing. "Why should he choose *me*?" Julie gasped angrily. "Listen, Tommy Jones, if you think you can stand there and insult me like that you're mistaken. I think that I'm as good as any girl in this school, and if he takes anyone out I'll be the one! —As for you, don't you ever speak to me again you—you insulting snob!" With that, Julie turned and fled, almost bumping into the subject of the quarrel—the school's athlete hero. Tommy was forgotten.

"Hello—" Julie said softly, openingly adoring her hero.

"Hullo," he replied matter-of-factly.

Julie hoped that he hadn't heard what had just been said. "Where are you going?"—She tried to seem casual.

He hadn't heard. "Oh, down the street," he said, not caring to implicate himself. These sophomores! he thought.

"Can I go?" she asked sweetly—waiting breathlessly for an answer.

"No. Gowan home!" he answered annoyed.

"—But, oh why!" she cried, disappointed—hurt. She wondered where he was going, what he was going to do—if only she could always follow him!

"Gowan home!" he repeated, annoyed, and strode off.

Needless to follow him now; she had before—he was walking too fast. He would be out of sight soon. Some girls on the opposite side of the street nudged each other, and giggled.

Julie hurried away, her head high. Let them laugh. She would convince Ted Green that she was grown up, and more than just "the kid next door", yet. Let them laugh. She didn't know why it was so disgraceful, or funny, for a girl to choose the boy she liked best, and to try to win his heart. It was all right for boys to do. Besides, she liked to "run after" Ted, as Tommy put it. She wouldn't give a snap of her finger for a Ted, or any other boy, who acted silly over her. She wanted to do the pursuing! It was exciting—doubtful—fun!

Tears stung her eyes now. Ted was angry with her. Had gone strutting off—probably to see some other girl. Well, she would win him!

It was early in the evening, about a week later. Ted strode lazily down the street. He walked in long, easy strides, carrying himself gracefully, proudly—yet unconcernedly. From her window, Julie saw him leave his house.

He heard the pat-pat of tiny feet running after him. His heart skipped a beat, then—darn! was she here again?

"Hey! wait," called a breathless feminine voice. He waited.

"Where are you going?"

"Down the street."

"You always say that—let's go for a walk."

It was a warm, early spring evening. The last, most adventurous birds sang their songs before tucking their heads under tired wings. Somewhere a cricket called out rhythmically. A lazy breeze fluttered through newly budding trees.

"Okay," he gave in easily—might just as well walk, nothing else to do. Swell night.

Julie's green eyes shone softly. He was wonderful when he was like this! He was very handsome tonight, too.

They walked and talked, and Julie had a

grand time. It was wonderful walking with him. She felt that she was "gaining ground" too. She loved his husky voice—(it was changing)—his funny, unexpected laugh, his careless little pushes, his habit of lifting his brows and smiling down at her. He seemed to be taking her seriously and laughing at her at the same time.

A strange feeling went through her when he looked at her like that. She didn't know what he was thinking then. She liked "not knowing"—it made life exciting and mysterious. It made her sixteen-year-old heart tingle with hope and assurance!

Soon their footsteps turned towards home. She didn't remember what they had said, but she remembered that it was gay and silly—serious and real. She went into the house joyously happy. That night she burned with ambition to win his heart and she felt that, after all, it wouldn't be so hard to do. She went to sleep and dreamed of Ted, and Ted, and Ted.

A bright sun-shiny day! Birds burst their throats with song, leaves opened eagerly to face a caressing breeze, all of Nature was happy!

"Hello!" Julie cried happily.

"Gowan home!" Ted answered gruffly.

"No!" She stamped her foot. I suppose that made him think me all the younger, she thought. He had always made her over-conscious of the two years between them. She pouted.

"Oh, you make me tired! Will you leave me alone?" he cried. He turned and walked away swiftly.

She shrugged her slim shoulders, turned, and walked in the opposite direction. She tried to think of what could happen to make him change so over night. Why was he angry with her? Tears stung her eyes. Her young heart was "filled with despair." She couldn't go to school today. She could never go to school when he was angry with her—

she wouldn't be able to think! As far as she was concerned, her world was topsy-turvy!

Perhaps Tommy and the others were right. Maybe it *was* up to boys—but it *had* been such fun. She had followed him, and pursued him as she pleased. He had let her gain ground, then he had turned and fled. She didn't know what to do now.

But the times that he had been friendly had been perfect. At least she had her memories, she mourned! Now she would give up, and let him go to see all the girls he cared to—*she was just through!*

Pat, pat, pat. Ted turned and faced Julie—a happy excited glow on his face—a new light shining in his eyes.

"Hello," she said softly, regretfully. Only a month—and she had done it again!

"Hello!" he cried joyfully, grasping an arm and drawing her along with him.

She fell in step along side of him.

"Gee, I didn't know what happened to you!" he cried boyishly. "Every time I got to the corner I said to myself, 'Where the heck is she?'—!!

"Did you!" she cried. She had not expected this.

"Yes—" he said doubtfully. He wondered if he'd said too much. He didn't want to put her on his trail again.

"Well—?" she asked softly.

"Look—why don't you let me alone?" he asked seriously.

Julie turned on her heel and started to run—tears blinding her vision. Why was he so nice one minute, and so cruel the next?

She heard heavy footsteps behind her. She ran more slowly.

A large hand grasped her arm.

"Wait!" Ted commanded. "You—you didn't understand. It's just that you're such a pest—"

"Oh!" Julie gasped angrily. She slapped his face soundly—unexpectedly, even to herself—and ran again. Faster, faster.

Ted was running too, and he was laughing. He caught her again.

"Silly girl—can't outrun a 'champ,'" he laughed proudly. "I was trying to ask you to do me a favor—but you wouldn't give me a chance."

"Well?" coolly. She was beginning to act naturally now—as a girl should act—but she didn't realize it.

"Well—the kids have been poking fun, you know how they are. It's been awful—"

"Honestly, Ted, you're a funny person. Sometimes I think you're all right—then, you talk funny—"

"Aw, I'm not crazy. Listen, honey—"

Her heart pounded, and skipped, and jumped.

"—the kids teased me about you all the time, that's why I barked at you so much. Then you didn't come any more, and oh, Julie—Julie— Gosh, I missed you!"

"Did you?" she half whispered, her pretty little face was shining with happiness, her green eyes dancing.

"Did you—?"

"Yeah—an', well—I wanted to ask you to stop chasing me!"

Julie was furious. "Well!" she cried, outraged, "I won't bother you again, don't you worry about that!" She started to run away from him again, but he held her arm.

"Swell!" he cried. "Now I can take my own place. Lady, I'm going to run after you 'til you're blue in the face! You'll never get away from me, don't worry."

Julie thought it was a good idea. It was kind of tiresome chasing after someone all the time—there was too much responsibility. It would be restful, she thought, not to have to worry about it. Yes, it was a good idea.

She turned and fled—Ted ran after her, laughing.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

By Patricia Plunkett

My heart's at the ocean, the white capped sea;

My heart's at the ocean, wherever I be;

The roaring big breakers, they pound on the sand,

They boom forth in thunderous salute to the land,

Little white sailboats, so sturdy and small;

Bright yellow shore, and sand dunes so tall,

The barnacled reef leading out from the cove,

My heart's at the ocean, the ocean I love.

My heart's at the ocean, the sea gulls fly high;

The fishermen's dories, they watch from the sky,

Cape Codders are they, the salts of the sea,

Much finer in spirit than you or than me.

I love the old ocean, its cold, salty surf

To me is much better than old England's turf;

My heart's at the ocean, the white-capped sea;

My heart's at the ocean, wherever I be.

SIGNS OF SPRING

By Bette Dunn

We hear it in the evening,

We see it in the morn,

We feel it in each little breeze

That in the trees is born.

The many colored flowers,

That have so long been hid,

Burst on our sight, like shining jewels,

From beneath their cushioned lid.

A note of gladness from a tiny throat

A flash of color from a fancy wing,

The joyous bubbling of the friendly brook,

Proclaim to all that it is Spring.

THE MARCH OF LUNCH TIME

By Elizabeth Armstrong

REGISTERS ringing noisily, quickly filling with all genus of coin; dishes, trays, and silverware clanging loudly against each other as the result of tense, impatient fingers; students flying hither and thither, grabbing seats right from under the timid noses of bewildered sophomores; the more sedate calmly wending their way toward the tables much to the disgust of the active, longlegged and sporty type who solve the problem by simply pushing them either in or out of the way; books, and loads of them—all shapes and sizes lying in the midst of milk bottles, purses, lunches, notebooks; and bobbing, gossiping heads pressed closely together in earnest discussion.—Lunch time?—You've guessed it, and no wonder!

Jake Smith, ace player on the school's football team, one hand engaged in cramming a whole sandwich into a wide mouth, attempts to demonstrate with the other how he diverted Mr. —'s attention from the assigned but not prepared history lesson to the radio's latest reports on Japan and China's clash, while Jake's pal, Joe, listens intently, pausing between gulps to brace himself more firmly, dig into an immense bag and grab supplies for the hand that's getting low.

At another table, according to the more catty type of femininity, it is evident that Bobbie Travers has on the latest creation in knitted suits, since it's only the tenth time she has paraded around the cafeteria to show it off, and still in accordance with the buzzing, they suppose they might just as well get accustomed to it, because they've got to look at it ten more times yet.

But it's Babe Jones, just across the aisle, who is always the center of curiosity and practically always responsible for the catty huddle over at the furthest table. For, the bottle of "Grade A" and the lettuce sandwich usually go untouched, unless by miracle she

finishes repairing her face in time to grab a sip and a bite. Her pal, Josey, very seldom has a chance to finish, either, because Josey has got to hold the mirror for Babe.

Oh, look! The criticizing glances are shifting directly to the opposite end of the cafeteria—the heads are bobbing furiously, and here's the reason: Jane and Bob are back together again.—They weren't speaking for two weeks, you know. Wonder how it happened. Oh, Curly probably fixed it up; she's always the go-between for those two, anyway.

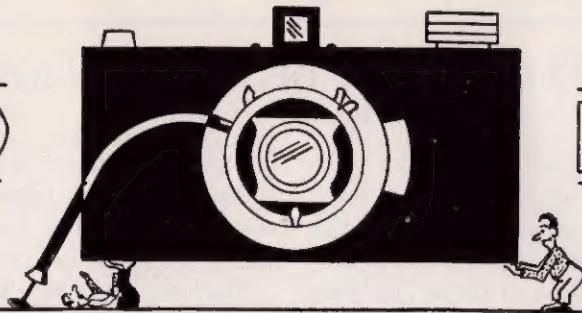
—And that's about the status of all the lunch periods in one way or another. To some, the period constitutes just what its purpose intends—a time of recreation. To others, the period merely signifies that it's time to eat and a grand opportunity for a contest to see who can eat the most in the shortest time.

Did anyone ever stop to think of the lunch period in any way other than as a school regulation? Did any one ever pause to consider its value? Let's think about it for a moment. This thirty minutes offers that much needed and appreciated break in the school hours, although many of us don't realize it. It offers the opportunity to relax, stretch, and be our own natural selves; to speak freely; get a breath of fresh air or remain indoors as we may choose; to wander about at our own free will; to talk with our friends over various activities and happenings, either scholastic or social. The latter is a fine way to increase our acquaintances; when we pause to think of it, school is responsible for at least fifty percent of our friendships, through the relation with which friends we meet others.

If you wanted to be boring, you could talk all day on this subject, passing from the lunch periods to friendships, from the latter to political and economic discussions; and so, to

(Continued on page 23)

CANDID



CAMERA



The Candid Camera

By Robert C. Moore

DEVOUT REPUBLICAN

Mr. Roy M. Strout with seventeen years as principal of Pittsfield High to his credit, years all devoted to its best interests. Tall, sturdy and fond of sports, walking, hunting, fishing; also likes children (of P. H. S.). Well-known to us in a number of ways, perhaps best by his, "I called this assembly for another purpose" or "Let me introduce our speaker." Very considerate. Is also a devout Republican with hopes that Glenn Frank will rejuvenate the Grand Old Party. Is grateful for Vermont and Maine.

FRIEND

Miss Nellie Parker, dean, friend and adviser of the girls, and a super sleuth on violations of rules of which she is a rigorous observer. Formulator of customs and manners at all P. H. S. social activities, she is appropriately Pittsfield High's Emily Post. Constantly telephoning (which she blithely declares is not her hobby) and discussing problems with her girls. She has worked each summer towards a M.Ed. at Columbia. Has a marvelous singing voice, was the star in our first faculty play. Recently moved across the street better to watch school and home.

MILD SCALPER

Mr. Harold Hennessey, mild, modest gentleman who, nevertheless, threatens to scalp the person who made him a Candid Camera Victim. A successful biology teacher, who rules his class with an iron hand and a sense of humor. Favorite retort to a silent pupil, "I can't hear you." After the best results he often cross-examines for answers. Likes bridge and golf, and picks the Yankees to take their third pennant with the Cards or Cubs facing them. Hates interviews and publicity.

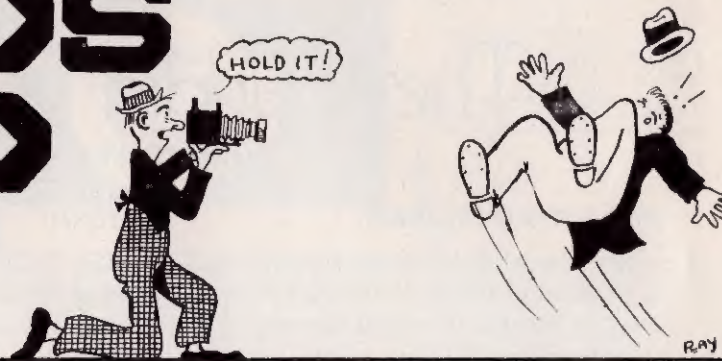
A GOOD SCOUT

Strikingly modest and conscientious is Mr. George Innis, Director of Foreign Languages in Pittsfield High. This excellent teacher of German and French finds his teaching his avocation as well as his vocation. His present hobby is reminiscing over the "abandoned hobbies", music and tennis. Eats daily with students discussing current topics and his university life in old Germany. Considers a sordid but certain sign of spring the inflow of loan agency letters to teachers. He summers in New Hampshire delighting in the beaches, lakes and White Mountains for their perennial beauty. A good scout.

SARAH BERNHARDT

Miss Elizabeth Enright, chief typist and press chief of the daily bulletin. Often seen getting chemicals in Mr. Conroy's lab where she distinctly abhors vile gases. Has a passionate interest in dramatics which she claims follow her about, she is currently coaching the Senior A Play. She is a member of the Town Players and has appeared in every faculty play to date. Constantly busy with her many duties which she enjoys, she adds that a boat trip—anywhere—would be welcome.

WHO'S WHO



A.H.B.

And Why

By Meriel Van Buren

CAPTAIN

No, we don't mean Captain Jenks or even Captain Hook, but Stewart Leslie, the hard-working little captain of the varsity basketball team, whose friendly grin is widely known. To him we give a vote of thanks for his splendid work of the past season. Besides his first love, basketball, Stewie likes swimming and the movies. Women and smoking, however, have no interest for him. (Believe it or not!) Of Scotch origin, Stewie hopes some day to return on a visit to his native country.

GOOD SPORT

If you've seen a tall, slim girl dashing about the halls, it's probably Mary Popp getting in practice for next year's track meet. Only a junior, Mary has just received her monogram for winning the bowling tournament and track meet, as well as for captaining her class basketball team. The girls seem to think she's a good sport, too; for she is a Tri Hi member. While she shies from short boys and washing dishes, Mary never turns down an ice cream cone. She intends to be a secretary.

SHEP

Tall and quiet, but with a ready wit is Donald Shephardson, vice president of the Senior A class and secretary of Torch Hi-Y. A little shy around girls, Shep is, however, a general favorite with the boys. He likes ice cream (the universal favorite), good jazz bands, and sports of all kinds, in which he regrets he does not excel. He is one of a long list of U. S. History sufferers and dislikes long-winded teachers as well. His hobby is photography, but his future is still uncertain.

SECRETARY

Alice Piccini is the very efficient secretary of the Senior A Class, who is now directing her attention to a juvenile role in the traditional senior play. She enjoys butterscotch sundaes, lunch period, and uniforms (especially sailors'). However, she dislikes quiet study halls, bananas in banana splits, and movies that have a tragic ending. Alice hasn't as yet decided as to what her ambition will be.

APOLLO

Blond, curly headed and dimpled—that's a description of Paul Andrew, feminine heart-throb, who is going to present the best Junior Prom ever. Paul is athletically minded, liking especially skiing, gym work, and Major League baseball games. He groans at the thought of chemistry tests and oral topics (a universal antipathy). A very popular lad, Paul wears the pin of the Sigma Epsilon Hi-Y. He hopes to make the baseball team in the spring.

JOANY

Dear to the hearts of the Senior A's is Joany Merritt, whose warm personality is enhanced by a smile that could win in any contest. She is a member of Tri Hi and recently wrote the best essay on the Constitution. Joany professes great interest in ice cream, Tommy D'Orsey, and knitting. Rainy days she finds quite enervating and spiders and asparagus unluckily unavoidable. With a monotonous "A" report card, Joany need not worry about attaining her ambition of graduating from college.

DINNER TIME

By Dorothy Shelton

ON March 15, a group of P. H. S. students and teachers held a little publicized meeting. The subject of their discussion was one which is dear to the hearts of us all. It was the subject of eating—the favorite sport of all P. H. S. students.

Contrary to the belief of many, the school cafeteria is an integral part of our school, a department of which we should be proud, one in which we should show a great deal of interest since we all like to eat. In the past it has been regarded as something apart from the school; and pupils have never felt free to ask questions or give suggestions to the chief of this department, Miss Madden. Neither do the students always follow the rules of this department. Often through ignorance of any rules, pupils have gone to the wrong lunch period, failed to return used dishes to the counter, or have taken candy and other articles of food from the Cafeteria. To cope with this situation we have had but one or two faculty supervisors giving their time and energies during the lunch periods.

But in the future all this is to be changed. In fact it is changing already. On March 15 a new Cafeteria Council was organized. This Council consists of the regular faculty supervisors Miss Madden, Miss Millet, Miss Conlon, Miss Kahiher, and Mr. Geary. The student members were selected by the class advisers, two from each class. They are as follows: Senior A's, Jane Bevan and Bruce Goewey; Senior B's, Zeta Porro and Joseph Miszczak; Juniors, Virginia Davis and George Adams; and Sophomores, (selected through the Office) Pamela Walker and Eugene Amber. Miss Parker, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Strout are acting as advisers to this Council.

The purpose of the group is to promote better cooperation and understanding between the students and this most important

department. The members not only will act as proctors in the lunch room, but also will strive to iron out any difficulties which may arise, receive student suggestions and criticisms and attempt to foster student cooperation.

In September of each year the Cafeteria is faced with one of its greatest problems: that of seeing that students, sophomores especially, go to the right lunch periods. In order to make this task easier, the Council intends to appoint, later this spring, several assistant proctors. Cards explaining Cafeteria rules will be printed for distribution to the new Sophomores.

This Council is at present very young, and has had little chance to prove its value. However, it is expected to be a great improvement over our present system, and it will be if every student will cooperate. If you have any questions concerning the Cafeteria, give them to a member of the Council; or put them in a box which will be in the Cafeteria for this purpose. If enough worthwhile questions are received, they, together with their answers, will be printed in the May issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

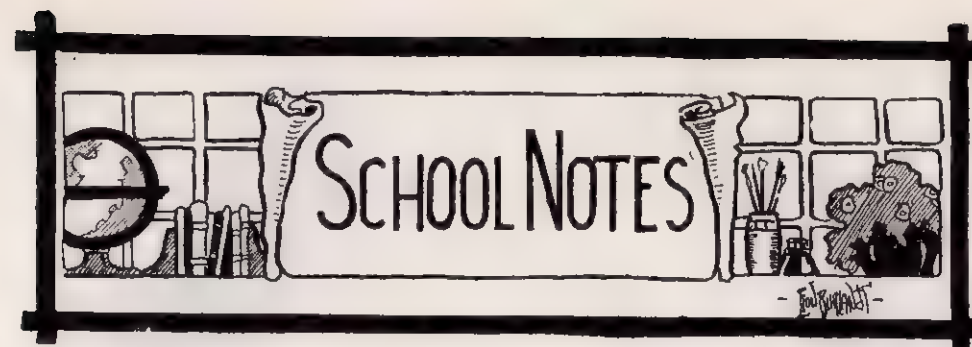
HIS HANDS

By Isabelle C. Sayles

The winsome sweetness of a pansy's face
A drop of dew, each nightingale that sings,
The flaunting, snowy splendor of the Queen
Anne's lace—

His tender hands have fashioned all such tiny things—

The gauzy wings of every little bee
Each shining granule of the desert's sands
What have I to fear when He says to me,
"Knowest thou, my daughter, thy life is in
My hands?"



HERE AND THERE

Three cheers for our faculty bowling team who recently defeated the North Adams Knights of Columbus team!

Heard in History class:—the cause of Lester Brown's recent attack of melancholy is due to the fact that he bumped his head on the "hoop" the other night at the game. (You see being short does have its advantages!)

Mr. Meehan was delivering a lecture to his class. "I was just talking to Mr. Carey," he said, "and I told him that it was a few of you boys that are turning my hair gray, and Mr. Carey said, 'Yes, I know. I had them.'"

It seems that a short time ago Eliot Weisgarber's mother and father went to Florida, and Eliot was his own cook and housekeeper. One night he grew very nervous (or at least we think that's what it was) and threw his plate into the bread-box and a loaf of bread into the dishpan. (Who fished it out?)

One day last month just before THE PEN came out, Herbert Boyajian was running around the building with his camera, trying to "shoot" some of the teachers for the Candid Camera section. Just before the bell rang he dashed into Mr. Innis's room, posed Mr. Innis, and stepped back to take the picture. Nothing happened. After a few more unsuccessful attempts, he decided to wait until after class. (The picture wasn't in last month's PEN.)

Another speed demon on the road! Lorraine Rauscher is about to become the owner of her very own car.

The call of the Southland was heard and obeyed: Claire Grieve and Julia Michelman have just returned from Florida. (With a hey-nonny-nonny and a good sun-burn.)

It's a good thing the assembly Mr. Strout arranged for us wasn't given just before lunch. There'd be some trouble getting our food down thinking of those awful squirming things wiggling around in it. That was a swell assembly, and we owe it all to you, Mr. Strout. *Merci beaucoup!*

Right now it's assembly time in P. H. S. The oratorical contest last month, the one about gyroscopes, and the assembly on microscopic animals—and soon Mrs. Osa Johnson. That's the way it should be—the more the merrier, and how!

If, in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love, what does a young girl's turn to? Or did they have a decent excuse for skipping? They must have enjoyed themselves wherever they were, anyway.

FACULTY NOTES

Every afternoon—in case you're interested—you may find Mr. Charles Murphy diligently studying his Italian. How's it coming, Mr. Murphy?

Surprise! Mr. Conroy's bowling score was 100 last week. Quite a feat for him, too.

What's this we hear about the proposal Miss Ward received after that most unflattering picture that appeared in the *Eagle* not long ago? We are happy to say that she has been photographed since most successfully.

Miss Downs is a very ambitious lady. Her spare time is taken up by knitting, no less.

Miss Jordan took a delightful cruise to the West Indies at Christmas vacation. Shopping in Havana is *such* fun.

(SShhh) Mr. James McKenna—Boston University, '34—is president of the day division of his class in charge of reunion activities.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The pictures for this month's Candid Camera were made by Sophomores David Strout and Gordon Hough.

A new fad has hit our school with a bang. The Sophomore girls started it. Now we see everybody "signing" each other's shoes during classes. Sign my shoes, please?

The Sophomores are contributing in large numbers to the amateur program, children's hour, and Professor Query on Station WBRK. Out and at 'em, gang! We'll show the upperclassmen that we have talent!

It never fails to happen. A few warm spring days—everybody goes without coats and enjoys double-dips. Now the price of handkerchiefs has gone up—or at least should have. Have you got a cold???

Everyone's all excited about the Senior Play and its cast. Which makes me wonder about ours—two years from now. Get your tickets early. It's sure to be a wow!

It's awfully nice to get your ears tested, especially when you're sort of hazy on your Latin. Did the teachers have as much fun?

At last our exhibition is over! It's a wonder there were any girls left in it since so many dropped out at the last minute. Well, that's another headache over with, until next year.

Oranges! Oranges! And more oranges! We were literally swamped with them the last of March. Many were eaten—but many more suffered an odious death in the road or sidewalk, mutilated beyond recognition. What a way to get rid of those oranges!

March 7, an ex-Royal Canadian Mountie, Sydney Montague, visited Pittsfield High. Mr. Montague told of his experiences among the Eskimos in the North, and displayed various articles of clothing, whips, and spears used in this far-away land. All who attended this most interesting lecture were indeed charmed by Sydney Montague's enjoyable tales as well as by the very valuable information which he gave us.

At an assembly March 22nd, William Wells representing Searles High School in Great Barrington won the district elimination in the American Legion oratorical contest. Six contestants from schools in Berkshire County talked on the Constitution of the United States. Dominic Gaffey of St. Joseph's High of North Adams was second, and William Smith from St. Joseph's in Pittsfield was given honorable mention.

12 PRECEPTS OF PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

I. Thou shalt always chew gum. Never shalt thou be without an extra stick.

II. Thou shalt beware of walking downstairs. Prize for the fastest runner.

III. The sidewalks are but a part of the landscape. Thou shalt always use the lawns.

IV. When thou meetest a member of the faculty, if he be bald-headed, greet said person with a growl and say, "Hi ole top."

V. Thou shalt not use the study halls unless necessary. Skipping is the fad.

VI. The janitor's sock is heavy. Therefore, thou shalt avoid the use of the wastebaskets and fill all those empty desks.

VII. Thou shalt always write thy own excuses. Accuracy is the point.

VIII. Thou shalt avoid Dalton High School if thou wishest to skip. Wahconah Falls is much the safer place.

IX. Thou shalt attend the Senior Play equipped with thy pea-shooter for use on members of the cast of whom thou dost not approve.

X. Girls having lockers on second floor, thou shalt take thy time, and if Miss Enright attempts to hasten your motions, glare at her.

XI. Thou shalt walk wherever thou shalt please in the Cafeteria.

XII. Above all! Thou shalt feel free at all times to do as thou shalt please in the building or on the grounds of dear P. H. S. Remember teachers and janitors are only there for effect.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

These are the worthy ambitions of some of the members of Pittsfield High. In case you have not yet decided upon a career, perhaps you may get a few ideas from our assorted ambitions.

Dorothy Roser—"To be a famous interpreter—but I'll probably end up being a teacher."

Gerson Rosenthal—"To finish 'Idylls of the King.'"

Louise Hennelly—"To own Bonwit Teller's."

Neil Connelly—"To be a leader of an orchestra like Duke Ellington's."

Mary Shelsey—"To eat a dill-pickle without having the juice squirt out."

Dick Pomeroy—"Berkshire's Best Barber."

Barbara Goodwin—"To give Mr. Herrick his pie a la mode."

Bob Perry—"To laugh, love, live to take and to give—to die."

Mary E. Farrell—"To be a trapeze artist under the Big Top."

Ronnie Terry—"To get married."

Corrine Simkin—"To be different."

Frank Camp—"To be 'Dr. Camp.'"

Rhoady Sclater—"To be a member of the inner ring of the Electron Theory, if they'll have one."

Joseph Mogavevo—"To be a jay-walker."

Marion Murphy—"To be a nurse-maid for Mr. Leahy's baby."

Charles Downey—"To install soda fountains in all study halls so as to furnish orangeade with our free oranges."

Barbara Abell—"To graduate from high school."

Dick Hanley—"To be a lost aviator so someone will miss me."

Barbara K. Roxbrough—"To keep my ears open and my mouth shut."

Will Walters—"To be another Tommy Dorsey."

Gordon Almstead—"To sing Ti-pi Tin without biting my tongue in the middle of it."

Isabelle Sayles—"To prove that the great essentials of happiness are something to do, someone to love, and something to hope for."

TORCH HI-Y

The Torch Hi-Y was formed for the purpose of building better manhood by building better youth. Its aims are to guide its members so that they will be better prepared to solve the problems of everyday life. Each Hi-Y member is supposed to live up to the highest standards of Christian character and by so doing set an example for others to follow.

Programs for weekly Hi-Y meetings are planned so that there will be a majority of educational discussions and lectures as well as entertaining social functions. The Torch Hi-Y Club's adviser, Mr. Herrick, recently conducted a discussion on the "Man of Character" in which the outstanding qualities of the ideal man were pointed out and discussed. Lectures pertaining to youth problems or some interesting and educational topic are also worked into the program. On March 22 a College Night program was held, when several authorities on colleges and college life gave talks on types of schools, cost of a college education and other problems current to high school pupils. Following these talks a question period was held during which problems confronting various persons were discussed and made clear. From time to time dances and parties are held among the various Hi-Y clubs so that all phases of activity are covered leading to a well-balanced scheme of living.

TRI-HI NOTES

P. H. S. students as well as outsiders like to know what the Hi-Y Clubs are doing and they aren't to be blamed at all. What the clubs do at their meetings is not supposed to be a secret and they do not pretend to rest beyond the scope of revision or suggestion.

In organizing and carrying out its program for the winter of '37 and '38, Tri-Hi has tried

to include community service of one type or another, meetings for a good time, and speakers who could benefit the club members in some way.

Early in the fall, Tri-Hi, along with the other Hi-Y Clubs, worked on a door-to-door canvass for the Community Clothes Cupboard, and as a small supplement to this they made two large scrapbooks, to be presented to one of the children's wards of a local hospital. Alternately with Gi-Y, Tri-Hi girls have waited on table for suppers at the Y. M. C. A. one, two and sometimes three nights a week, starting in December.

In addition to business meetings, the club has held quite a few social meetings during the year. The first event was the initiation and induction ceremony, followed now and then by a bicycle ride, a roller-skating party, swimming at the "Y" with Gi-Y, a sleigh ride and our annual so-called "stag" supper.

The club has also enjoyed interesting talks by Mr. Jay C. Rosenfeld, Mr. Robert Newman of the Atheneum, Mr. Miles Bartlett and Dr. Shipton.

GI-Y

It is very nice to see someone who has been under the balmy beam of the good old southern sun long enough to obtain one of those enviable "café au lait" complexions. Just in case you're curious, our southern friend is Claire Grieve. She thinks Florida has its points, but it's nice to be back.

A stag supper was held at which Miss Parker spoke to us on what was expected of Gi-Y girls. We felt that the talk helped and we agreed to do as much as we could to benefit the school in any way.

If nurses are ever needed, we are they—ready, willing and able! At several of our meetings between the eternal buzz of chatter and gossip, we have rolled bandages for the Red Cross and rolled them well—we hope.

SENIOR A PLAY

The Senior A Play Committee with the assistance of their coach, Miss Elizabeth

Enright, and class advisor, Mr. James Conroy, has chosen "I'll Leave It to You"—a three-act comedy by Noel Coward—for the greatest Senior Class play ever produced at P. H. S. This great event will take place on Friday, April 29.

The leading parts, supplying the love interest, are to be taken by Elizabeth Collins and Donald McRell. In the supporting cast are Barbara Weeks, Bruce Goewey, Arlene Baker, Meriel Van Buren, Alice Piccini, Betty Miller, Louis Miller, and Albert Brockway.

The following committees have been selected to help make this play the biggest success ever staged at P. H. S.: Publicity, Abbott Robinson, chairman, James O'Malley and Barbara Weeks; stage, Gordon Barrett, chairman, Lester Brown, Albert Brockway, Carl Wichmann, Joseph Guitian, Robert Cardell, William Eckart, Ralph Goodman, William Walters, Harvey Holley and William Carty.

Tickets, Louis Miller, chairman, Donald McRell, Barbara Hanley, Augusta Smith, Mary Morsello, Harry Rappaport, Lois Ashe, Dominick Ceceri, Regina Sewik, John Lucey, Charles Renaud, Salvatore Scialabba, Roger Earle, Frank Camp, William Ressi, Eileen Dunn, Robert Kirvin, Margery Mann, Jane Bevan, Beatrice Ritchie, Walter Wallace and George Reder.

Ushers, Irma Miller, chairman, Alice O'Donnell, Joan Merritt, Dorothy Shelton, Elizabeth Hearn, Mildred Lavelle, Regina Mensky, Norma King, Virginia Lehman, Dorothy Leyman, Hugo Victoreen, Rita Bordeleau, Janet Shipton, Lucille Granger, Robert Coggins, Ruth Kittler, Jane Tierney, Ethel Germaine, James Knight, Sophie Brushkevitch, Everett Volin, Lillian Barnes, Virginia Snyder, Peter O'Linto, and Mary Procopio.

At the meeting of the Senior "A" Class held March 31, Helen Weitzel was elected chairman of the Picture Committee and Mary Mele of the Cap and Gown Committee.

DEBATING CLUB

During the past month several novel things have been done at the meetings of the Debating Society. One week a Question Bee was held. Edward Sullivan was "Uncle Jim" and took charge. The victors were George Walsh, first, and Bruce Hainsworth, second. A trial debate was held on the subject, "Resolved: That the several states should adopt a unicameral system of legislation." This is also the subject for the county debates and the two teams "had it out." Something interesting is always going on and the members have a great deal of fun.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The club introduced a new program at the second meeting of the month. Several members reviewed different pictures which were not seen by the club as a body, thus enlarging the field of study.

The club's picture of the month was "Gold Is Where You Find It," starring George Brent and Olivia de Havilland. Reports of the picture were given which afforded opportunity for study of the conflict between the miners and the farmers in the development of the west.

DRAMATIC CLUB

At its first meeting last month, the Dramatic Club acted extemporaneously parts from "Pride and Prejudice".

At its second meeting, the Club was entertained by the newly organized Harmonica Band, which is also under the direction of Mr. Conroy. The band was well received and promises to be a worth while organization in the school.

WHAT OUR S. E. HI-Y CLUB HAS DONE THIS SEASON

Under the new director it was, at first, difficult to cooperate and to progress as well as as we had with our former director as he had the advantage of a greater familiarity with our procedures. Naturally when a person is accus-

tomed to one idea it takes time to change that idea and start over again. We assure you that by the next year the Hi-Y Clubs will again run smoothly.

The S. E. Hi-Y Club had several outstanding speakers such as Miss Nagle. She spoke about her trip to Europe. Her talk included some very interesting things on the customs of these different countries.

Coach Carmody gave a speech on "School Spirit" which we certainly need in Pittsfield High School.

THE MARCH OF LUNCH TIME

(Continued from page 13)

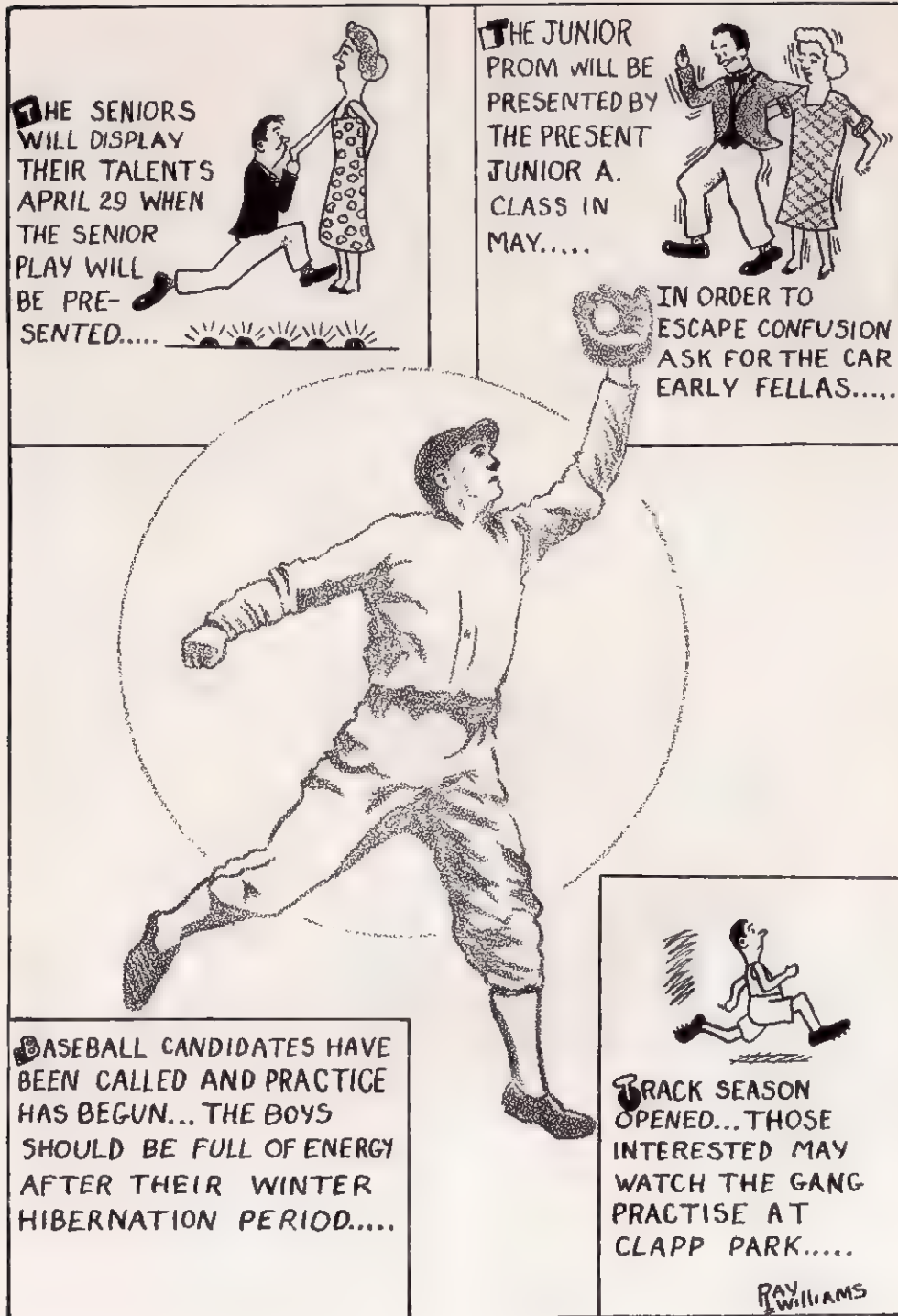
avoid that, I shall stop right here. But remember—(Seniors take notice; Juniors take better; Sophomores—best) that our lunch hour should not be regarded as a common regulation, as a time to be catty or to display how clever we think we are in consuming as much food as we can hold. Let's take advantage of it—join old friends and make new, be happy, refresh ourselves so that we'll be ready for the next class with a brand new vigor and eagerness.

SPRING BREAKS THROUGH

By Marguerite St. Palley

You never see the Spring arrive
One never knows it's there;
You see it in the growing things
And feel it in the air.
The earth awakes in flowery glow
The skies are brighter blue
The sap flows from the maple's veins
Through Winter's crust the Spring breaks through.

Gone is the North Wind's frosty bite
And Winter's darkest gloom.
Where once the hills were snowy white
The bright Spring flowers bloom.
Old Winter's reign is over now
And earth is ruled anew;
Cold sleet gives way to April showers;
With joyous song the Spring breaks through.



BOYS' GYM EXHIBITION

Robert C. Moore

From 8-10:—Friday, April 1st Coach Carmody staged the sixth annual gym exhibition. Put on by the Boys' Leaders' Class, who are an athletic group of boys, drilled by Coach Carmody every Wednesday and Friday, this exhibition is still unfortunately overlooked by a great number of people. The good-sized, interested crowd present Friday night seems to indicate its growing reputation. The clever and remarkable performance of the boys serves to justify it.

Nine thrilling, well-performed events filled the evening's bill. First came the spectacular and rhythmic wand drill given by twenty-five sophomores and similar to parts of Ted Shawn's dances. Next was the high bar event in which muscular John Lascynski led the field, provoked cheers. Third on the list was the balancing act, difficult and sensational, capably done by a large group of the leaders, featuring the following pairs: Lascynski and Gardener, Duquette and Dastole, Miller and Gentile.

Next as a filler before the long horse, came a group in the Buck. The fifth event was a group performing on the long horse with Reusch and LaCarse holding the spotlight.

The complex, exciting, well-executed tumbling act came next and was quite easily outstanding. In this Roy Miller and Gardener stood out. The twisting, twining ring event came next and the group performing this did a great job.

The last two, tiger leaping and the pyramids, were carried well to end the evening. The breathless, well-timed leaps in the former and the cleverness of the latter well justified their inclusion.

BASEBALL AT P. H. S.

Bernard Williams

The baseball prospects, although the team is weak in the slugging department, has promises of a successful season, for they have several veterans left from last year's nine. Their pitching staff with Captain Nick Daligian, Louis Sibbio, Bruce Malcolm and John Sameno are all veterans who have held up well before.

Although the Purple and White was weakened by the loss of Hagstrom, Lavelle and Calautti, Coach Stewart has some very promising players to take over.

Nick Daligian has taken over the duties of Captain which Gunnar Hagstrom so capably performed last year. Nick is a pitcher and a good one, and when those muscles of his are behind a swing of a bat, the ball goes, and how!!

This year the team has only four games away from home and six at home. The schedule is no soft one, all the games are tough. But to put it in the words of Charley McCarthy: "We'll mow 'em down!!"

The first game is with Dalton on our home field, May 7 and the last is with our own St. Joe on June 18.

The schedule is as follows:

May	7	Dalton at home
May	14	Drury at Drury
May	21	Adams at Adams
May	25	Bennington at Bennington
May	30	St. Joe at home
June	3	Dalton at Dalton
June	8	Drury at home
June	13	Adams at home
June	15	Bennington at home
June	18	St. Joe at home

WHAT'S CUT OUT FOR TRACK

Robert C. Moore

All candidates for track had been called out three days before. But "better late than never," so this candidate hurried down to the gym to see what was doing.

What's this! There was Coach Carmody brandishing a pencil and a pair of scissors. Maybe it was the first cut so soon. Only yesterday *The Eagle* had taken some snapshots of them. Well, maybe Coach felt good over that.

"No sense in feeling good over pictures," parried Coach, "there's the season to think of." Then writing a few numbers, he cut them from the paper and carefully matched them to a list of figures on his desk. Then it wasn't the first cut—just a game?

"Twice no. We'll keep the whole squad for a while before cutting and I'm not playing games."

There was the season—how about that?

"Oh," said Coach with a thoughtful wave of the scissors, "there's a lot to be said about that." (It was hoped there would be.) He went on: "Of course we won't be Massachusetts' best but we'll be in there." It was recalled that Pittsfield had been very much "in there" last year. Did he mean something like that?

"Oh, no, but you never can tell. I won't know for sure until the Sophomores and transfers show me their stuff." Transfers? They had been useful with certain bus lines to get people places—but Sophomores? That passed unnoticed.

"Of course," he continued, fingering the calendar, "we have a tough schedule. There's Berkshire on May 7th—" (A good time to make up for the hockey setback.)

"Oh well, the team wasn't in shape for that game but we will have our work cut out for us if we try to beat them." (Evidently Coach was cutting some of it out now. There were several numbers cleverly matched by this time and Coach was rapidly becoming expert at it.)

Then fearful of interruption he hurried through the rest, his scissors menacingly poised. "We'll have Drury here on the 21st, then we'll go to Springfield on the 28th. The county meet is here on June 4th. Maybe we'll go to Greenfield, too," and he stopped. A ten spot was noticed listening to the proceedings from the desk. He ought to be careful, some people had a fondness for such rareties.

"That doesn't bother me; money never does," smiled Coach, continuing to match numbers assiduously. If money didn't interest him maybe the team did. It was noticed that Cap Renzi of the football team and Chuck Downey of the same were on the list, also Herman from the hockey.—

"Herman—from East Hartford—placed in the 440 of the Conn. finals last year. He and Calahan look good in the 440 and—" Evidently Herman was a transfer but who was the other?

"Phil Rhody. He's from Washington, throws the shot put and discus. Mele can be counted on in the 100 and 220. Then Victoreen is captain and a good miler (that had been rumored) and Culver can do the half mile," continued Coach forgetting his pencil and scissors in his sudden speed. "Then there's Renzi and Lascynski in the shot put, Hebert in the high jump, Downey throwing the javelin, Gentile and Gardener in the pole vault and," he paused to match a number. "Well, those Sophomores and transfers will make up the rest. It depends on them."

GIRLS' SPORTS

By D. Douglas

THE GIRLS' EXHIBITION

On Friday, April 8, the Girls' Physical Education Department presented its annual exhibition. The exhibition was in the form of a Pageant which depicted the contributions of various European countries to American physical education.

From Germany came the first presentation as two classes of girls contrasted gymnastics practiced in 1850 and in the present time. First was seen a group of girls who went through the stiff jerky exercises practiced by their grandmothers. They were dressed in the same style as their ancestors with long stockings, and gym suits that reached below the knee. Then in sharp contrast there came upon the floor a group of girls dressed in the snappy gym suits of the present day, who swung into the simple but strenuous exercises practiced by the modern Miss.

Denmark was next represented by an exhibition of Danish gymnastics done with the lightness, ease, and freedom that is characteristic of these exercises.

From Sweden came a Folk Dance in which the peasant costumes made a delightful showing. The dance had to do with the meeting of a country boy and girl, and the complications that arose at the arrival of the city girl.

From France came the Court Dance, the Amaryllis. The stately and dignified dancers were clad in long yellow silk dresses and made a striking picture.

En Garde was then presented, an exhibition of France's greatest contribution to physical education, the art of fencing. The click, click, click of the foils reminded one of the most romantic and adventurous periods of French history, the black fencing jackets ornamented with huge red hearts stood out in deep contrast with the yellow gym suits worn by the fencers.

Then as a diversion came the Golliwoggs.

Dressed in their stocking faces and with their wooly hair the Golliwoggs went through the eccentric steps of their Rag Doll Dance.

From the bonny hills of Scotland there appeared on the scene, a group of girls doing the Highland Fling in native costume.

Following its northern neighbor, England was next represented by two folk dances. Dressed in pastel shaded gowns worn by the English children of centuries gone by, the girls interpreted 18th century children dancing on the green. Then came the traditional winding of the Maypole done by a group of girls dressed in evening gowns of pastel shades.

The Pageant then returned to America. First were exhibited the country dances of long ago.

Following these came a tap routine executed by several of the city's best known dancers.

Then followed a depiction of the machine age. This was cleverly done by girls who were dressed as robots with suits of cardboard.

Next appeared an exhibition of the modern dance and as the final act of the program, the athletic games of football and baseball were depicted.

Then came the finale, with the awarding of numerals. Letters, squad leaders' emblems and monograms. Only two of all the girls in high school received the highest honor in athletics that a girl can obtain. Mary Popp and Georgette Stone were both awarded the coveted monogram.

BASKETBALL

The seniors put up a very good fight to win the basketball tournament. The winning team was composed of Capt. Nellie Spasyk, Marion Gleason, Juanita King, Georgette Stone, Rita Sherman, and Jennie Naprava. The seniors played very hard to get two games

(Continued on page 29)



Dealer: "Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language?"

Mr. Edward McKenna: "Unbearable; why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive!"

He who laughs last is usually dumb.

"I've always been religiously inclined," mused the oyster as he slid down the minister's throat, "but I never dreamed I should enter the clergy."

They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped it, they exploded.

Perhaps you want to see if we know any news about the teachers. We do. A lady with a fine disposition, who is instructor in a very dry subject, listens to Rudy Vallee every Thursday night.

Mr. Sheridan, according to the files of THE STUDENT'S PEN, was called "Pete" by his classmates. We wonder if the dignified Mr. E. McKenna uses that appellation in addressing his fellow worker.

Mr. Ford is our choice for the most patient member of the faculty; Mr. Murray, the jolliest; and Mr. ———, the most handsome . . . Send us your votes, girls.

"I'm sorry. We've run out of gas."

"All right," was her instant reply, "I'll show you I'm game."

And she had the tooth extracted without the gas.

She was only a watchmaker's daughter, but she made the minutes count.

"This quarter's no good; it won't ring."
"Whaddya want for two bits—chimes?"

Mr. Lynch: "How come you're always half asleep in class?"

Robert Kirvin: "Noises in my head keep me awake nights."

Mr. Lynch: "That's impossible."

Kirvin: "How's that?"

Mr. Lynch: "You can't transmit sound through a vacuum."

Speaking of Senior Math:

Ken Shaw says, "Nothing is hard if you don't do it."

We wonder!

Jones: "How did you know that the driver in the car ahead was a school teacher?"

Walters: "Oh, she was so stubborn about letting me pass."

Donald McRell, walks around asking people if they want his autograph. Who does he think he is Clark Gable?

By the way Donald holds the male lead in the Senior Play.

Skipping school now-a-days is like shooting a person; you can't get away with it.

Save your pennies, boys, your best girl friend is dying to go to the Senior Play.

YOURS IN JEEP LANGUAGE

Jepson

Puzzles

By Friend Kierstead, Jr.

RIDDLES

1. Why was Washington buried under a hill?
2. Which is correct, "The yolk of an egg is white," or "The yolk of an egg are white?"
3. If a rooster climbed over a fence into the neighbor's garden and laid an egg, who would it belong to?
4. Why does a chicken three months and two days old walk across the road?

These may be old, but maybe there are some Sophs who haven't heard them.

PUNCTUATE THIS

When that it I goes how eat now now now that was bang! !

CRYPTOGRAM

OUCHA BY DOT UST OUCHA BY
CERO ZUMOR U ZUS POUHBPA
NOUHBPA UST NERO.
XCUSMHES.

SHEEP

A man once had 100 sheep, and the sheep fold was constructed out of 50 sections of wood, each piece being about four feet wide. The man then bought 100 more sheep, but only needed two more sections of wood to make the fold accommodate them. Why was this?

WHAT IS IT?

Often talked of, never seen,
Ever coming, never been,
Daily looked for, never here,
Still approaching in the rear.
Thousands for my presence wait,
But, by the decree of fate,
Though expected to appear,
They will never see my here.

Who am I?

LETTER JUGGLING

Try rearranging the following five letters in five different ways to form five different words: A E L S V

HOW OLD?

My sister is fifteen years older than I, and three years older than one of my brothers. I am one half as old as my father, who is five times as old as my little sister. My age is fifteen years, greater than my little brother's, and if all our ages are added up, it is nearly five times the age of my sister.

How old am I?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

RIDDLES: 1. Because he was dead. 2. Neither, the yolk of an egg is yellow. 3. Roosters don't lay eggs. 4. To get to the other side.

PUNCTUATE THIS: If you can punctuate it you are better than I am.

CRYPTOGRAM: Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Franklin

SHEEP: The sections were arranged with 24 on each side and one on each end. Addition of one on each end would make it twice as big.

WHAT IS IT? Tomorrow.

HOW OLD? 15 years, as the third sentence shows.

LETTER JUGGLING: Slave, Salve, Vales, Veals, Laves.

GIRLS' SPORTS

(Continued from page 27)

from the juniors, one of which game's score was 10-9, and one game from the sophomores. The juniors took second place by defeating the sophomores.

BOWLING

Well, it seems that this Junior athlete, Mary Popp, can't be beat in bowling. Duplicating her feat of last year, she walked away with the girls' bowling tournament with a score of 82½. Runners up in the tournament were Rita Edda and Gertrude Theboda.



FORESTRY SOCIETY PRESIDENT

Charles Sayles, a member of the Tau Phi Delta fraternity, has been elected president of the Forestry Society at Pennsylvania State College where he is a junior. The society has a membership of more than four hundred.

ON COLLEGE COMMITTEE

Esther Strout was a member of the committee arranging the annual banquet of the Bates College Christian Association, held last month in Fiske Dining Hall at the college. She has also made the Dean's List of students of high scholastic standing. Esther is a member of the sophomore class.

LODGE MEMBER

Charles Kline has been elected to the Dial Lodge, Princeton University upper-class eating club, it was learned, following announcement in alumni circles of the election of four hundred sixty-seven sophomores to seventeen clubs. The announcement marked the close of the traditional "Bicker Week" ceremonies.

ACTIVE AT BRENAU

Ida Lightman, junior at Brenau College, was recently named on the dean's list. The required average for upper classmen is

ninety-two per cent. She is among eight juniors attaining this standing.

She recently was elected by the junior class as general chairman of the May Day program, and has been named by Tau Sigma, national honorary dancing sorority, as chairman of the annual spring recital of that organization.

JOINS FRATERNITY

Richard May, a sophomore in the mechanical engineering course at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has been formally initiated a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

HIGHEST IN CLASS

Stanley Carpenter ranked the highest of a class of three hundred in the midyear examinations at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, where he is a sophomore.

Stanley takes five subjects, including Greek in which he is majoring. He attained a mark of ninety-five percent in all subjects. The honors were announced in the college chapel.

PLEDGED TO FRATERNITY

Robert Lord, recently graduated from Wilbraham Academy, has been pledged to Phi Delta Theta fraternity at Brown University.

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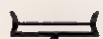
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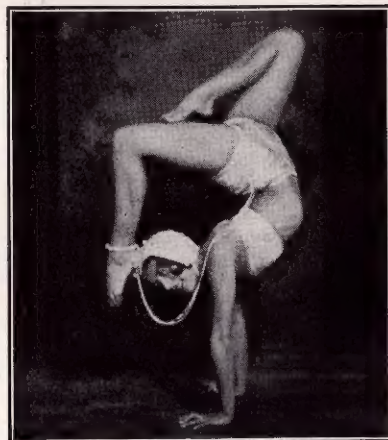
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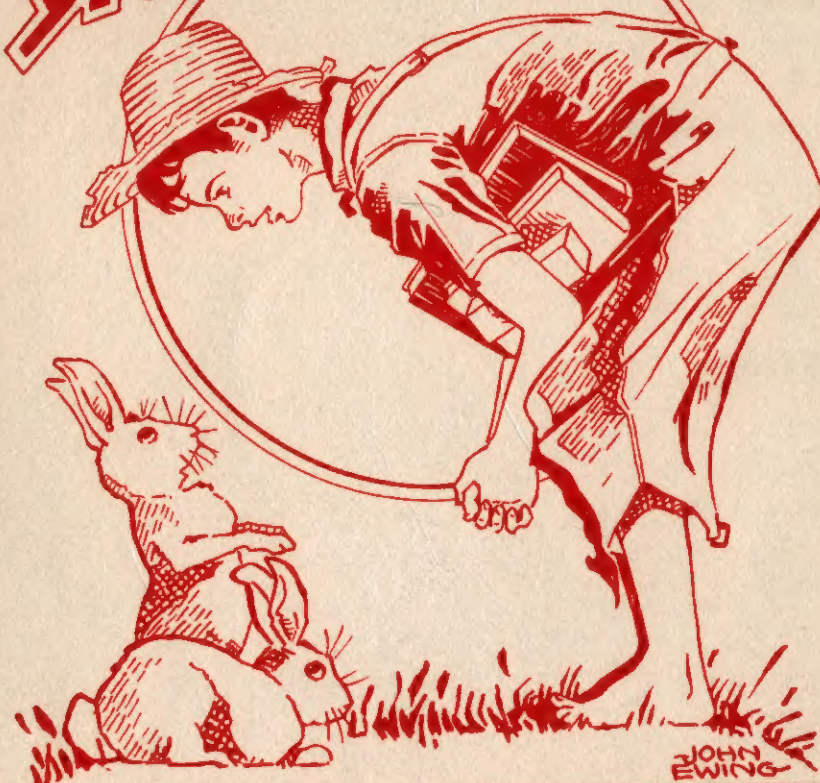
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